Menhanian.

BOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON,

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT .- HENRY CLAY.

PUBLISHERS.

VOL. l.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1859.

NO. 12.

THE ALLEGHANIAN

ILL be published every Thursday, at the following rates, viz : annum, (payable in advance) of paid within the first six months, 1.75 not paid until the expiration of year, 2.00 A failure to notify a discontinuance at the ration of the term subscribed for will be idered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING : 1 insertion. 2 do. souare, (12 lines,) \$ 50 \$ 75 \$1.00 quares, (24 lines,) 1.00 1.50 1.50 2.00 squares, (36 lines.) Over three weeks and less than three months, cents per square for each insertion.

3 months. 6 do. 12 do. lines or less. \$3.00 \$5.00 quare. (22 lines,) 4.50 quares, (24 lines;) 4.00 7.00 quares, (36 lines.) 9.00 14.00 10.00 12.00 df areolumn. 20.00 15.00 column. 22:00 35,00 ministrator's and Executor's Notices, 1.75 fessional or Business Cards, not ex-

ceeding 8 lines, with paper, per year, 5.00 Advertisements not marked with the r of insertions desired, will be contintill forbidden, and charged according to cabove terms.

'ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

slaterim-Rev. D. Harrison, Pastor .ing every Subbath morning at 101 k, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabchool at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meetery Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. ber in charge. Rev J. M. Smirn, As-Preaching every Sabbath, alternately bo'clock in the morning, or 7 in the Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. er meeting every Thursday evening at 7 Frick Independent—Rev. Lt. R. Powers.

"ceaching every Subbath morning at and in the evening at 6 o'clock. shoul at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer ag on the liest Monday evening of each and on every Yusslay, Thursday In revaing, excepting the first week

treaching every Sabboth evening at class. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Friday evening Society every Tausday evening

Biss - Ray, Ww. LEGYD. Pastor -- Preachcorn Sabboth morning at 10 o'clock. Bupliets-Rev. David Jeverse. Preaching every Subboth evening at Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. "whole-like, M. J. Mirchelle, Pastor .vices every Sabbath morning at 104 o'clock d Vespero at 4 o clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILS. MAILS ARRIVE.

112 o'clock, A. M. era, daily, ar A. M. The Wails from Butler, Indiana, Strongs-

. &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of week, at 5 o'clock, P. M. ve Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursat 7 o'clock, A. M.

The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carown, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. cave Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Saturat 7 o'clock, A. M. Post Office open on Sundays from 9

o clock, A. M. RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.

7.48 P. M. Mail Train, 12.26 P. M. Express Train, Mail Train, 8.02 P. M. Fast Line.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Express Train, leaves at

dies of the Courts.-President, Hon. Geo. Huntingdon; Associates, GeorgeW. Richard Jones, Jr. honotary .- Joseph M'Donald.

puter and Recorder .- Michael Hasson. heaff.-Robert P. Linton. Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahm. District Attorney .- Theophilus L. Heyer.

ounty Commissioners. - Thomas M'Connell, Bearer, Abel Lloyd. ech to Commissioners .- George C. K. Zahm. ownsel to Commissioners .- John S. Rhey. Treasurer.—George J. Rodgers.

Poor House Directors .- William Palmer, id O'Harro, Michael M'Guire. Cour House Treasurer,-George C. K. Zahm. Poor House Steward .- James J. Kaylor. Mercantile Appraiser .- Francis Tierney. Auditors. - Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cobaugh,

ry Hawk. ounty Surveyor .- Henry Scanlan. coner.-Peter Dougherty. perintendent of Common Schools .- S. B.

BENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace .- David H. Roberts, rison Kinkead. Burgess .- John D. Hughes, Town Council.-Andrew Lewis, Joshua D. trish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jr., M

Glerk to Council. _ James C. Noon. orough Treasurer .- George Gurley. Weigh Masters .- Davis & Lloyd. School Directors .- M. C. M'Cague, A. A.

ker, Thomas M. Jones, Reese S. Lloyd ward Glass, William Davis.

Treasurer of School Board.—Evan Morgan Constable.—George Gurley. Tax Collector .- George Gurley.

Assessor .- Richard T. Davis. Judge of Election.—David J. Jones. Inspectors .- David H. Roberts, Daniel O.

SELECT POETRY.

For the Sunday Dispatch.

"It is Hard to be Old and Poor."

BY WILLIAM KING SADLER.

with the fatigues of life and tottering wearily toward the grave, who was called upon to pay a tax to the nation for the privilege of retaining his meagre possessions, which were scarcely sufficient to secure for him a final respect. While the reflective tear filled his age-dimmed eyes when told he must pay the amount, he uttered the heartfelt words, "It is hard to be old and poor."]

9.00 How tearfully tender were whispered the By a trembling, wearied sire,

And the trees were bare By the bleak north air-

No warble was heard from the May-song birds As we sat by the hearthwood fire,

"It is hard to be old and poor," he said, And he keenly felt the smart, For a rate, that day, Was he called to pay-Then he gently bowed his palsied head To rest it near my heart.

"It is hard to be old and poor," he sighed, "For the world will take no thought"-I stroked with care

His silvery hair-The wise and good from want have died, And kindness must be bought."

"It is hard to be old and poor," he wept, And as virtue warmed his breast, With trembling voice Said he "Rejoice, My boy, in goath, and now accept

My guide-my last request. "It is hard to be old and poor;" but know True wealth is of the Asset, And all the store

Of gold, of lore. To rear some victim's art,

It is hard to be old and poor," 'the truth; Three times thou art my years-

Twill be my pride To call the guide; We smiled o'er joys of a well-spent youth,

And dried our mutual tears.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Cricket.

5 o'clock, P. M. tion, because of the gradual change from ple who were formerly devoted to these, the flesh rnd brawn of Old England to the | now engaged in devising plans of amuseto the physical conditions of our country- to apply the remedy.

> Absolutely one of the most hopeful signs we have seen for a quarter of a century, in regard to our people, is the fact that the sober and respectable part of the community are taking to amusements-intellectual and physical. There is now a world of hope to encourage those of us who for ten years have been trying labotiously to pursuade Americans to enjoy themselves. We groaned inwardly while negro minstrels and strychnine whiskey represented the beautiful and the sublime of American amusement. But we feel like congratulating every man we meet, in view of the present movement for chess and cricket.

That our readers may understand the

reason for our gratulation in regard to cricket, we must analyze a little. Our boys have always been fond of athletic sports, and their games, handed down by tradition from unknown periods and extending in a regular system over the entire year, are a curious and interesting study. The difficulty has been that as the boy was changing into the man, he has given up his manly, out-of-door sports and become a recluse student, a care-worn, unrecreating business man, or a mere lounger, without spirit, aim or energy. Our entire system of society and of life has hitherto failed to carry wisely and well our young men over the perilous bridge from youth to manhood. The character of mind and body thus acquired by our young men is carried into mature life .-What volumes of brain in America! what thin limbs, pale faces, and shrunken muscles! what a fearful per centage of neuralgia, insanity and suicide! what careworn devotees of business, and what reactions of excitement, in one class running into over-heated religion, that even elergymen have striven in vain properly to control, and in another into a recklessness of dissipation that scatters health and

morals to the winds! We are growing more serious than we innended, but even that will show our the banker close the huge ledger over readers that the subject has relations more which, enclosed within the dingy walls of

important than they may yet have taken a counting room, they pore from morning Charms every syren from the path of fame, time to consider. The point to which we till night, and seek their princely manhave had no amusements which, cordially were, from a prison-house, exults with rapapproved by all, might be openly engaged | ture upon the appproaching morrow, when [The following was suggested by the ex- tability or their conscience, and thus the may breathe the free, invigorating air of pression of a virtuous old man, much worn health and cheerfulness of the country be Heaven, view the magnificent and everuniversally promoted. For this the games | changing landscapes of nature, and "lay must have something in them at once up treasures where neither moth nor rust manly intellectual, and exciting, and chess | doth corrupt." within doors, and cricket without, seem to furnish the desideratum. Looking at the repose and consolation, repairs her exmatter as one of great importance, we have hausted "ature's feeble strength, cheers been studying cricket. We find that the her in her dreariest moment of hard ne authorities make it an outgrowth of club- cessity with bright anticipations, and ball, of which traces are found in England | speaks of the glorious promise, that there which go back at least to 1344. But cricket itself is said not to be mentioned | widow, and a father to the fatherless." by name earlier than 1685, though it was probably played much earlier. We cannot tell why it has been so late of intro- His heart beats quicker, his sinking spirduction in America, when our boys bro't its rise, for he feels that he soon will quaff with them almost everything else that is a copious draught of cheering, living waplayed in Europe. One of the most touch- ter. He knows, too, that the brilliant sun, ing incidents, by the way, that we ever | which lately sank behind the western hills remember, occurred in connection with a game of marbles. At first, it will be remembered, men alone went to California. When the first boys began to play marbles | ing spire, whence will peal a pleasing in the streets in California, one man after chime, calling him to the sanctuary of another stopped to look at them, until God. He feels that this is but an emquite a crowd of hardy pioneers, scarcely | blem of the Saturday night of life, and able to restrain their tears, were gathered | that then a glorious band of angels will

around them. throwing down his book, his hammer and his ledger, and "playing cricket." While on this subject, we will advert to the boat clubs at our colleges-to say nothing of the fleet we now have on the Schuylkill. This is also an English custom, worthy of universal adoption. We are glad to see Yale trying its strength against Cambridge. The Apollo, the Hercules, and the Antinous, as they appear in Greek statues, were moulded from the men who developed their muscles in the Olympic and Isthmian games, and the brain is all the clearer for a stout pull with an oar .-The cadets at West Point are able to study night and day at the most abtruse mathematics without injury, because they are drilled constantly in the open air, and spend ten weeks of every year, without

study, in the hardest kind of exercise. So we say again, there is great hope for America. Common sense has been long contending in vain with the fashionable amusements, so called, which, without Judge Wilson, in his late curious, but | really amusing, tended to the destruction very inaccurate, work on America, is quite of both health and morals. It is indeed sure that our race is hastening to dissolu- encouraging to find the same class of peonerve and sinew of America. While this | ment which combine intelligence, athletic is quite overstated, there is yet enough in exercise and social enjoyment. It is a the contrast between Englishmen and noble thing for a nation to have the sa-Americans to make us anxious enough as gacity to see a difficulty and the instinct

Saturday Night.

who gives the daily bread, and ordained that great city and paradise of God. that one in seven should be a hallowed

So with the professional man, he whose brain is aching with long-protracted and unremitted study, whose wasted frame and

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," betokens the midnight vigils; he, too, as Saturday night approaches, lays aside the ponderous volumes, wherein is collected 'wisdom of ages," takes leaves, for awhile, of philosophy or logic, turns into the more genial and less intricate path of relaxation -and basks awhile in the "gladsome light of domestic happiness."

On Saturday night the merchant and

are coming is, that hitherto Americans sions. The weary soul, released, as it in, without interfering with man's respec- freed from sordid cares and troubles, it

To the louely, toiling widow, it brings is "One who will be a husband to the

To the Christian, it indicates that he is nearing a green easis in the desert of life. will rise again on the morrow, and dispel the dusky livery which envelopes the earth, smile on him, and gild you towerdispel the gloomy night of sin, and toil, We hope to find every man occasionally and sorrow, and usher him into the joyful light of an eternal Sabbath.

Reflections.

Seated beneath the wide-spreading branhes of a stately elm, with the summer sky stretched out above me, with its broad expanse of cloudless blue, I find my mind wandering over the objects which surround

se, a beautiful sheet of water. Not a storms had ever disturbed its quietude.

But, reader, have you never stood and gazed upon such a scene? And, while you have stood admiring its placid surface, and wondered how such a beautiful sight could ever boil and rage in tumultuous fary? And yet even in your moments of storm; and, ere you have had time to seek shelter, have witnessed the object of your ontemplation slowly heave under the effects of the wind, and, as it approaches, high waves pile one upon the other, and the white beaten foam surges and beats over the spot where a few moments before you had stood in such imaginary security. So it is with life. To-day all calm and

serene-to-morrow, tempest-tossed, you are buffeted upon the rocks, and washed over by the breakers as they are repelled from the shore. Ah! weary heart, what would There is a mysterious charm in those you do in this world if you stood alone? imple words "Saturday night;" a charm | if there was no loving heart to share your that "breathes to the heart, and o'er it burdens; no kindly hand to pilot you throws" associations of the sweetest and when your nerves grew weak; no tender most hallowed nature. All mankind, in counsel to cheer you on your way; no the weekly drama of life, play a varied loving smile to greet you after the hard part, but Saturday night drops the curday's labor and toil; no soft hand, with tain upon its exhausting scenes. It stills its delicate touch, to cool your aching the multitudinous hum of busy life and brow. Father, we thank Thee for such trade, and brings tranquility and sweet an helpmeet as gentle woman, for the love repose to the toil-worn and the weary. It of kindred hearts. Love her, cherish her; s the Lethean draught that drowns cares love well. We would not rob thee of the and anxieties in forgetfulness. It releases | dearest, noblest, feelings of the soul. We the soul from the earth, fills it with bright | would not tear from thee that which the and holy anticipations of the coming Sab- great Master has implanted within thee bath, and permits it to soar to Heaven, as one of the brightest graces of humanthere, amid "fields of living green," to ity. We would not pluck from thy grasp hold sweet communion with God and an- the great purifier of the soul. We would not sever the bright burnished link that Behold the tired laborer! How joy- unites fallen nature with the Redeemer, fully he wends his way toward his humble with angels, and with God. Love, the dwelling. "This night his weekly toil is watchword of Heaven's court; the banner at an end;" bright visions of home and under whose graceful folds they stand firm fireside flit athwart his imagination. A | and united; the theme that swells their loving kiss from a darling wife, and warm hearts into praise and thanksgiving, and embrace from "todlin wee ones" will wel- tunes their melodions voices into softer, come his arrival. And as he pours the sweeter strains, as they strike their golden hard-earned pittance into the careful mat- harps in one grand, full anthem of praise, ron's lap, a grateful prayer ascends to Him | that echoes and reverberates throughout

"Love, love well, but only once, For never shall the dream Of youthful hopes return again

On life's dark rolling stream. Cherish the feeling. It will be thy light in many an hour of darkness; thine anchor in many a troubled sea. It will strew thy path with many fond remembrances, many pleasing agitations; and, and thy soul is about quitting its clayey as much as he could eat. tabernacle, it will soar upward to the great dross of mortality.

Mark well the lesson! Woman's faith and truth Smoothes the rough pathway of impetuous

And plants the seedling of a deathless name. Mark well the lesson! Woman's tender care Lives where the gray usurps the raven hair Fires with new light the dim and fading eye. And teaches man manfully to die. Take home the lesson! when we cross the

stream That blots for aye life's flitting, fading dream, Her white hands close our life-book's latest She weeps our ashes as she guards our age.

A Light Heart.

There is much truth in the remark that the philosophy of many men originate in their livers. Those dark views of human nature and human life which ordinarily pass for exalted wisdom, proceed from a diseased body or diseased mind. The man who retires from society and professes to have found all its pleasure, vanity, and vexation of spirit, would speak more truthfully if he confessed that, from some derangement of his organism he had lost his capacity for enjoyment. The lights of the ball are just as brilliant, the dresses as splendid, the confectionary as sweet, the music as delicious as when each of these contributed to his delight. He has changed, and he thence concludes that they are hollow and joyless as they appear to him. He cannot bring himself to belive that they ever did afford him sincere enjoyment. Looking back over his past life, his morbid fancy tinges all with its own sombre hue. He repines at his existence, and quotes very gloomily: "Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,

Count o'er the days from anguish free, And know whatever thou hast been,

'Tis something better not to be.' There is no wisdom in all this. True wisdom does not look upon this world as Before me stretches, in undisturbed re- from attempting to show its superiority by I tell you I was mighty hungry for bar single wave nor ripple mars its placid bo- plains. When misfortune comes, it never me-dod burn me, stranger, of thar wasn't som. A thousand gems seem sparkling in succumbs at the first approach and sinks a small bear walkin' straight on his hind the bright rays of the sun; its bright mir- into hopeless despondence; but with a legs, with a big chunk in his arms. I rored surface looks as if no treacherous light, elastic buoyancy, it makes an un- could o'shot him first, but I was mighty curforce of the attack.

and sorrow, is a light hopeful heart. It against it, and then gittin' on the top of alone possesses the stoutness which will it, reached away up the tree, and made a earry one through difficulties, afflictions big mark of a foot above the highest, and persecutions! it can climb mountains, He then got down, moved the chunk away reflection, you have noted the coming penetrate deserts, and brave the stormtossed ocean! it can endure all the hard- perin' as he cut up. He looked up at his ships of the camp, and march unfalteringly mark, and then he would lay down and with the forlorn hope to the cannon's roll over in the leaves, laughing outright mouth. When the proud man is humbled, just like a person; no doubt tickled at the and the strong man has failed, he of light way somebody would be fooled. There heart will remain, unfearing and unhurt, triumphant over every obstacle, superior actually hadn't the heart to shoot him. to every difficulty.

> the only way that the sheep can get an old she bar and two cubs just comin noses on a grindstone.

grasshoppers climb up a mullen stalk, and | what do you think-there were a full pen acre field; and the bumble bees have to You see, that Fall the hogs were so poor, go down on their knees to get at the grass; on account of having no corn, that the all the mosquitoes die of starvation, and bars had actually built a rail pen, put the turkey buzzards have to emigrate.

But there is a county in Virginia which can beat that—there the land is so sterile | fact. that when the wind is at the northwest, they have to tie the children to keep them from being blown away; there it takes six frogs to see a man, and when the dogs bark they have to lean against the fence; the who has a jewelled hand and an empty horses are so thin that it takes twelve of head-who will see her mother work and them to make a shadow, and when they toil while she lies in bed and reads novels kill a beef they have to hold him up to knock him down!

saith Mose Draper, where they held a two ed to the etiquette of the drawing-roomweek's jubilee in the churches, because it who is always complaining that she canwas announced that a fresh blade of grass not get enough money to dress like Miss had sprouted in the southern part of the So-and-So, or go to parties like Such-a-one county. There the natives once murdered a traveller for the sake of half a gingerbread cake, which he was rumored to have mend it. Should you get such a one, dein his pocket, and there, too, they turned a man "out of meeting," because, after a visit to Philadelphia, he reported that at last, when earth's little dream is over, while in that city had had at one time

A philosopher, being asked what with a love more ardent, unalloyed by the was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered : "An opportunity."

Wanted-A lid for the trunk of a

Arkinsaw Wonders.

Arkinsaw beats the world for black bars, pooty wimmen, and big timber. Stranger, I've seen trees there that would take a man a week to walk round 'em. A fellow started once to walk through one that was hollow. He didn't take any vittels with him, and he starved on his way.

I was goin' up the Mississippi once in one of them country boats, when we met a big Arkinsaw eyprsss floating down. I tell you, stranger, it was a whopper. The Capen run in his boat 'longside, and fastened the rope to it. Off she started, snortin' and puffin', but didn't budge a peg. The Capen ripped around, and hollowed out "fire up, below there, you lubberly rascals." The wheel clattered away—the log was actually earryin' us down stream. Directly up comes a feller in a red shirt, and says, "Capen, you are strainin' the engine mitily." "Cut loose and let her go, then," says the Capen. They cut the ropes, and dod burn me, stranger, if the boat didn't jump clean outer the water .--We run a little ways, but the engine was raly so exhausted, that we just had to stop. Nearly day, there comes along a fine steamer We hailed her, got aboard, and there was that same log hitched alongside. We wooded off that eypress all the way to Memphis.

Black bears are bigger, plentier, and more cunnin' in Arkinsaw, than anywhere else. The he's have a way of standin' on their hind legs, and makin a mark with their paws on the bark of some certain trees, generally sassafras. Its a kind of reccord they keep, and I suppose it's a great satisfaction to an old he bar, to have the highest mark on the tree. I war layin' either a paradise or a purgatory. Its max- hid one day close to a tree where the bars im is to enjoy the present if it be bright, wur in the habit of makin their mark, to endure it if it be gloomy. So far is it | waitin' for one of 'em to come along, for finding good in nothing, that it never com- meat. Directly I heard a noise close to yielding resistance, and breaks all the lous to see what he was going to do with that chunk. He carried it right to the tree Ah! a fine thing in this world of trial where the marks were, stood it on the end from the tree, as you never seen such cawas somethin so human about it, that I

Just to show how cunnin' bars are, I'll tell you a circumstance what happened to POOR PLACES TO LIVE AT .- There is me in Arkansas. You see, one Fall, bea place in Maine so rocky that when the fore I gathered my corn, I kept missin' it Down Easters plant corn, they look for outer the field, and I knew the bars were crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grass taking it, for I could see their tracks .-in with a musket; they can't raise ducks But what seemed mighty curious, I never there no how, for the stones are so thick could find where they eat it-nary cob that the ducks can't get their bills between nowhar about. One mornin' early I hapthem to pick up the grasshoppers, and pened around the field, and there I saw at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their outer the patch, and walking off with their arms full o' corn. I was determined to But that ain't a circumstance to a place | find out what they did with so much corn, on the Eastern shore; there the land is so and follered along after 'em without makpoor that it takes two kildeas to say "kil- ing any noise. Well, after going nearly dea:" and on a clear day you can see the a mile, I saw 'em stop, and-stranger look with tears in their eyes over a fifty o' hogs, and the bars were feedin' 'em .-hogs in it, and were fattenin' 'em with my corn. Dod burn my hat if thatain't a

To the Boys .- Never marry a girl who is fond of always being in the street -who is fond of going to the theatreor feigns sickness-who is ashamed to own her mother because she dresses plain-But, oh !-there is a region in Jersey; never learned grammar, or was accustom--who wears her shoes slipshod, or has a hole in her stockings and is too lazy to pend upon it you will have a dirty, untidy, miserable home and life of it- But the kind, affectionate, tidy girl, who helps her mother, who is always ready and anxious to accommodate her mother, father, brothers and sisters-who is kind to the poor-who dresses neatly and according to her means-who is always cheerful and fond of accommodating others-if you can get such a treasure, your home will be a paradise. Boys, do you hear that !

Love thy neighbor as thyself